

LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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CHICAGO, ILL., FEB. 4, E. M. 304. [C. E. 1904.]

WHOLE NO. 1006

ASSARKHADON, KING OF ASSYRIA.

The Assyrian King Assarkhadon conquered the kingdom of King Lailie, destroyed and burned all the towns, took all the inhabitants captive to his own country, slaughtered the warriors and kept King Lailie himself in a cage.

Lying on his bed at night King Assarkhadon thought how best to execute Lailie, when suddenly he heard a rustling near his bed, and, opening his eyes, saw an old man with a long gray beard and mild eyes.

"You wish to execute Lailie?" asked the old man.

"Yes," said the King. "But I cannot decide how to execute him."

"But Lailie is yourself," said the old man.

"That's not true," replied the King. "I am I, and Lailie is Lailie."

"You and Lailie are one," said the old man. "It only seems to you that you are not Lailie, and that Lailie is not you."

"What do you mean by 'it only seems'?" said the King. "Here am I, lying on a soft bed; around me are obedient men-slaves and women-slaves, and to-morrow I shall feast with my friends as I did to-day, while Lailie will sit like a bird in a cage, and to-morrow he will be impaled, and, with his tongue hanging out, will wriggle till he dies, and his body will be torn in pieces by dogs."

"You cannot destroy his life," said the old man.

"And how about the 14,000 warriors I have killed, and with whose bodies I built a mound?" said the King. "I am alive, but they no longer exist; that shows that I can destroy life."

"How do you know they no longer exist?"

"Because I do not see them. And the chief thing is that they were tormented, but I was not. It was bad for them, but well for me."

"That, also, only seems so to you. You tortured yourself, but not them."

"I do not understand," said the King.

"Do you wish to understand?"

"Yes, I wish to."

"Then come here," said the old man, pointing to a large font full of water.

The King rose and approached the font.

"Strip and enter the font."

Assarkhadon did as the old man bade him.

"Now, as soon as I begin to pour this water over you," said the old man, scooping up water into a jug, "dip your head under water."

The old man tilted the jug over the King's head, and the King dipped his head under water.

And as soon as King Assarkhadon dipped under water he felt that he was no longer Assarkhadon, but some one else. And, feeling himself to be that other man, he saw himself lying on a rich bed, beside a handsome woman. He had never seen her before, but he knew she was his wife. The woman lifted herself and said to him:

"Dear husband Lailie, you were tired by yesterday's work and have slept longer than usual, and I have guarded your rest, and have not roused you. But now the princes await you in the great hall. Dress and go out to them."

And Assarkhadon, understanding from these words that he is Lailie, and not feeling at all surprised at this, but only wondering that he did not know it before, rises, dresses and goes into the great hall, where the princes await him.

The princes greet their King Lailie, bowing to the ground, and then they rise, and, at his word, sit down before him, and the eldest of the princes begins to speak and says that it is impossible to endure all the insults of the wicked King Assarkhadon, and that it is necessary to make war on him. But Lailie disagrees with him, and gives orders that envoys shall be sent to Assarkhadon to remonstrate with him, and he dismisses the princes from the audience. Afterward he appoints men of note to act as ambassadors and impresses on them what they are to say to King Assarkhadon.

Having finished this business, Assarkhadon, feeling that he is Lailie, rides out to hunt wild asses. The hunt is successful. He kills two wild asses himself, and, having returned home, feasts with his friends and watches a dance of slave girls. The next day he goes into the courtyard, where he is awaited by petitioners, suitors and prisoners brought for trial, and there he decides the cases submitted to him. Having finished this business, he again rides out for his favorite amusement—hunting. And again he is successful, this time personally killing an old lioness and taking her two cubs. After the hunt he again feasts with his friends and is entertained with music and dances, and the night he spends with the wife he loves.

So he lives for days and weeks, awaiting the return of the ambassadors he had sent to that King Assarkhadon, who used to be himself. The ambassadors only returned after a month had passed, and they return with their noses and ears cut off.

King Assarkhadon had ordered them to tell Lailie that what had been done to them—his ambassadors—would be done to himself also, unless he immediately sent a certain tribute of silver, gold and cypress wood, and unless he came himself to make obeisance to him.

Lailie, formerly Assarkhadon, again assembles the princes and consults them as to what he should do. They all, with one accord, say that it is necessary to make war against Assarkhadon, without waiting for him to attack them. The King agrees, and, taking his place at the head of the army, he starts on the campaign. The campaign lasts seven days. Each day the King rides around the army and rouses the courage of his warriors.

On the eighth day his army meets Assarkhadon's army in a broad valley by the side of a river. Lailie's army fights bravely, but Lailie, formerly Assarkhadon, sees that the enemy swarm down from the mountains like ants, overrunning the valley and overwhelming his army; and, in his chariot, he flings himself into the midst of the battle, hewing and felling the enemy. But the warriors of Lailie are but as hundreds, while those of Assarkhadon are as thousands; and Lailie feels that he is wounded and that they have taken him prisoner.

Nine days he, with other captives, travels, bound and guarded by the warriors of Assarkhadon. On the tenth day he is brought to Nineveh and placed in a cage. Lailie suffers less from hunger and from his wound than from shame and impotent anger. He feels that he is unable to avenge himself on his enemy for all that he suffers. The one thing he can do is not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing his sufferings; and he firmly resolves to endure courageously, without a murmur, all they can do to him.

For twenty days he sits in his cage awaiting execution. He sees his relations and friends led to execution. He hears the groans of those who are executed. Some have their hands and feet cut off, others are flayed alive, but he shows neither disquietude nor pity nor fear. He sees the wife he loved bound

and led away by the eunuchs. He knows she is being taken as a slave to Assarkhadon. And he bears that, too, without a murmur.

But now two executioners open his cage door, and, having strapped his arms tight behind him, they led him to the place of execution, which is soaked with blood. Lailie sees a sharp stake, dripping with blood, from which the corpse of one of his friends has just been wrenched, and he understands that this has been done that the stake may serve for his own execution. Lailie is stripped of his clothes. He is startled at the leanness of his once strong, handsome body. The two executioners seize that body by its lean thighs; they lift him up and are about to let him fall upon the stake.

"This is death, destruction," thinks Lailie, and, forgetful of his decision to remain bravely calm to the end, he sobs and prays for mercy. But no one listens to him.

"But this cannot be," thinks he. "Surely I am asleep. It is a dream." And he makes an effort to rouse himself. "Surely I am not Lailie, but Assarkhadon."

"You are both Lailie and Assarkhadon," declares a voice, and he feels that his execution has begun. He cries out, and at the same moment lifts his head out of the font. . . . The old man stands over him, pouring on to his head the last drops from the jug.

"Oh, how terribly have I suffered! And for how long!" said Assarkhadon.

"Long?" replied the old man. "You have only dipped your head under water and lifted it again. See, the water is not yet all out of the jug. Have you now understood?"

Assarkhadon did not reply, but only looked at the old man with terror.

"Have you now understood," continued the old man, "that Lailie is you, and the warriors you put to death were you also? And not the warriors only, but the animals you slew when hunting and ate at your feasts were also you. You think life dwells in you alone, but I have drawn aside the veil of the delusion, and have let you see that by doing evil to others you have done it to yourself also. Life is one in them all, and you have in yourself but a portion of this common life. And only in that one part of life that is in you can you make life better or worse, can you increase or decrease it. You can only improve life in yourself by destroying the barriers that divide your life from that of others, and by considering others as yourself—and loving them. To destroy the life that dwells in others is not in your power. The life of those you have slain has vanished from your eyes, but it is not destroyed. You thought to lengthen your own life and to shorten theirs, but you cannot do this. Life knows neither time nor space. The life of a moment and the life of a thousand years, your life and the life of all the visible and invisible beings in the world are equal. To destroy life, or to alter it, is impossible, for life is the one thing that exists. All else but seems to us to be."

Having said this, the old man vanished.

Next morning King Assarkhadon gave orders that Lailie and all the prisoners should be set at liberty and that the executions should cease.

On the third day he called his son Assurbanipal and gave the kingdom over into his hands, and he himself first went into the desert to think over what he had learned. Afterward he began to go about as a wanderer through the towns and villages, preaching to the people that all life is one, and that men only harm themselves when they wish to do evil to others.—Leo Tolstoi.

"Why do married people live longer than unmarried people?"
"They don't—it only seems longer."

"WHO IS THE ENEMY?"

Hugh O. Pentecost writes thus to Edwin C. Walker about the latter's new work, "Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?" "Your pamphlet is a strong discussion of the question at issue that one could give to a conservative friend with some hope that he might read it through."

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, biologist, author of several scientific works and of more than seven hundred articles on medicine, travel, science, sexual problems and other subjects, writes to E. C. Walker: "I thank you very much indeed for the copy you sent me of your valuable pamphlet, 'Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?' I have read it from cover to cover with the utmost satisfaction and unqualified approval. It is one of the best and strongest things you have put out, and I am with you solid in both the letter and spirit of it. I prize the copy most highly." Ask for table of contents and specimen pages of "Who Is the Enemy?" or send 20 cents to this office for the pamphlet.

A STORY WITH A SANE MORAL.

Current fiction seldom contains a moral worth the effort expended in drawing it. Conventional writers have not emancipated themselves from the general principle that the boy who goes fishing, or in swimming on Sunday, or on any day without the approval of his parents, will defraud the electric chair by dying a watery death. And if children must honor their parents that their days may be long in the land, grown-ups are equally bound to knuckle under to their neighbors if they would get the best results. Nonconformity is penalized by all but the best authors; the mediocre ones cannot afford to be unorthodox. I read a story by Mary Hallock Foote about a young man and woman who lived in the mountains somewhere near Wardner or Hope, Idaho, without being married to each other in the customary manner. And what happened? A landslide covered them up. Nature felt the shock again, as she did, if Milton tells the truth, when Adam and Eve fell from grace some years previously, and groaned throughout her works. It always happens that way—in fiction. Some radical writers, Grant Allen for instance, are so influenced by their "inner heritage" that they must bring their rebels against custom to some deplorable end. If the contempt and disgust of rational beings could strangle these libelers of nature, they would write but one story each of that kind.

In a late number of Harper's Magazine is a pleasing narrative by Margaret Deland that furnishes a remarkably gratifying variation from the stereotyped moral. You might say that the moral of it is deliberately evaded by the author. The story tells about a war widow, who lived by herself in a rural community, drawing her rations from a little land and a cow and some hens, and a pension of \$36 quarterly from the government. Without the pension she would be unable to purchase anything. There comes back to town a poor, harmless, male individual, of good family, a visionary, impracticable man, who thinks he is an inventor, but is in error regarding that matter. He had gone away to make his fortune, but returns so poor that the townspeople propose sending him to the almshouse. The man cannot bear the thought of this, first, because of the humiliation, and second, because he wants to perfect an invention he has partly worked out. His eyes are failing and blindness is not far off. The widow contemplates giving him a room in her house and broaches the subject to a neighbor. The neighbor is thrilled by the immorality of the proposition, and makes the widow see how bad the thing would look. Then the widow, resolved to have her way and also circumvent the gossips, goes and tells the man she will marry him, an arrangement that would solve all his problems and bring him perfect joy. But before they take the fatal step the woman learns that by marrying she forfeits her pension, without which both would have to go over the hill.

The reader will see that the situation here becomes strenuous. If she broke her promise of marriage, the man would be plunged in deepest woe; she had not the heart to do that. If she married him she would lose her income and be unable to feed him; and if she took him without marrying him her reputation would be gone. It is easy to see how Mrs. Deland would solve the problem if she were a conventional fictionist. She would marry the couple and send them to the poorhouse in the same box wagon. But that does not happen in this instance. The widow executed a little thinking, and, having reached a determination, she takes her man by the hand, and, past the grinning Reubens at the village tavern and past the whispering gossips of a sex similar to her own, she brings him straight to her house and pushes him in. The result of her thinking had been that neither her own reputation nor the good opinion of the people of Jonesville was worth one hundred and forty-four dollars per annum. Such is the glorious ending of the story. There was never anything like it in fact or fiction. It is inspiration.—G. E. M., in Truth Seeker.

MAKE 'EM TO ORDER.

An Austrian scientist has discovered that fair-haired women contract the happiest marriages, because blondes make more submissive wives than brunettes. Note the quiet assumption that the undisputed dominance of the male is the sheet anchor of successful matrimony. All the same it is a great discovery. Blondes make the best wives, and blondes nowadays may be chemically manufactured, therefore nuptial happiness is within the reach of all. Hall peroxide! the elixir of life!—The Worker (Brisbane, Australia).

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THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

From a sermon by the Rev. Newton Mann on "Causes of Modern Transformation of Religious Thought."

The one philosophical theory which has struck most directly at the root of the traditional theology is that of evolution. As a speculative hypothesis it has been set forth in one form and another from ancient times; in Christendom always stigmatized as atheism, and in times of persecution punishable as damnable heresy. Among the first to find from observation evidences to support such a theory and make it something more than an hypothesis, was the great Descartes; but he lived in the seventeenth century, and wrote in the time of Galileo, when it was all one's life was worth to breathe such a thought, and he was not a man to expose himself to martyrdom. So he covered his exposition of the dangerous doctrine by a pretended declaration of his belief that Adam and Eve and the progenitors of all other species of living things that now exist, together with the earth and the heavens, were made out of hand in one memorable week, as the Church had always taught. Having said this much to satisfy the priests, he cautiously outlined his conception of how the world *might* have been brought to its present shape, together with all that exists, by a process of evolution out of primitively diffuse and relatively formless matter. There can be no doubt of what was his real belief. His contemporary, Spinoza, who knew well what it was to suffer for the truth, but who never could be turned from the utterance of his honest convictions, had the same fore-gleams of the coming revelation, which he unhesitatingly declared.

But the new truth was not to be fully evolved out of the consciousness of even the greatest genius; nor compassed by the knowledge of the seventeenth century; it needed the confirmation of biological science, and it took biology yet a hundred and fifty years to get sufficiently on its feet to consummate the task. In fact the word "biology" was not invented till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when two Frenchmen, Lamarck and Treviranus, separately and independently hit upon it and brought it into use. At the same time they each propounded for the first the main thesis of the doctrine of evolution. Even then, so subversive the doctrine was of preconceived opinions, so radical and far-reaching, that to men of science it seemed visionary, as to churchmen it was ungodly. For a half-century again it slept, only revived now and then by the voice of some lone champion whose ineffective word but served to mark the stages of a dream. All at once toward the end of the fifties the great awakening came. In 1857 appeared Herbert Spencer's "Progress; Its Laws and Cause," in which he gave a philosophical statement of evolution and made it the basis of his thought. In 1859 Darwin published "The Origin of Species," the first great book of biological evidences for a theory which in one form and another had been floating in the brains of philosophers from time immemorial. It was the most effective book of science ever published. Issued in no haste, the careful, conscientious results of years of observation and study made in many lands and on many seas, it was such a mass of testimony as no rational mind could resist. No doubt was left that in the vegetal and the animal world new species arise through the gradual modification of existing species, according to laws some of which we can trace. Other works followed from the same indefatigable hand, the result of kindred investigations, till, in "The Descent of Man," we have the highest terrestrial creature linked with other life in orderly succession from the simplest thing that lives. Other keen observers joined in the work,—Haeckel in Germany; Wallace, Huxley, in England; Marsh in America,—and, speedily, concurring evidence from every field of inquiry piled up in overwhelming measure. On this secure basis arose a new philosophy, synthetic, cosmic, worked out into a vast generalization, covering the whole process from the formation of worlds out of the primordial nebula down through the measureless geological cycles, the simple ever giving place to the complex, life proceeding, when it has arrived, from humblest forms up through the long spiral of existence to organisms marvelous in construction in which life sublimates into self-consciousness, becomes a living soul. It made evolution the method by which all things in the heavens and on the earth have come to be what they are, and pass to what they shall be. "The stars that blossom in the fields of night" have their season of growth, of glory and of decay, as have the flowers in our gardens; and man, who gazes on those far-shining orbs, computes their distance, weighs and

measures them,—he, too, has grown from something that was not man. This creature, intelligent, social, sympathetic, has been evolved from creatures which were nothing of the kind. Of the later part of this process history and archeology are the record, and clearly indicate a passage by irregular and intermittent steps from stage to stage, from a predatory into a rude social state, and so by degrees in the course of ages to civilization and refinement. All this Spencer expounds in his system of philosophy, which for clearness of statement, profundity and breadth of view, must, I think, be ranked among the greatest of the works of men. Fechner and Mill, whose thinking had run along other lines, with an open-mindedness and a frankness most creditable to them, gave in their adhesion to the new thought, and with notable rapidity it came into acceptance with the best minds on both continents. With his love of things definite and comprehensible, Spencer made application of the theory of development mainly in the realms of biology and sociology, where he escaped metaphysical speculation and came down to the solid ground of fact.

From these sure bases the new thought pushed itself everywhere, and shortly the sciences one and all were found to be charged with it, paleontology especially yielding the most confirmatory illustrations of evolution in actual course of progress. For example, Marsh found in Wyoming and elsewhere fossil remains showing in a regular series, spaced by long ages, the ancestry of the modern horse, beginning with an insignificant creature called the Eohippus, about the size of a rabbit, with parting toes, on the point of one of which on each foot the animal supported itself. This first horse, first so far as traced, is found in deposits of what is known to geologists as Eocene Tertiary. In a later division of the Eocene it becomes the Orohippus, about as large as a fox. In the Miocene the animal is further modified, and has become as large as a sheep. Growth and modification of the skeleton, especially the bones of the feet, continue through the Pliocene, the Quaternary and the Recent periods, eventuating in the horse as we know it. An evolution as striking may be traced through fossil forms of many other orders of life.

The nebular hypothesis of the formation of suns and worlds is one of the early evolutionary conceptions, having been first thought out by the immortal Kant. His "General History and Theory of the Heavens," in which he developed that now accepted hypothesis, was published anonymously in 1755. So little interest was excited by this announcement of the most prodigious conception in physical things that ever had entered the mind of man that the fact of Kant's authorship of it has been largely overlooked, the credit going to La Place, who forty years later brought his immensely greater mathematical knowledge to bear on the subject. But even as set forth by La Place it rested mostly inert till, in 1862, Herbert Spencer incorporated it into his system of evolutionary philosophy, of which, indeed, it is the most magnificent illustration. By this hypothesis and its implications the development of the universe involves all space and all time, infinite extension and infinite duration, a beginningless, endless process, in its entirety utterly beyond comprehension. What we can survey in space is but a sample, a fragment—what we can in a manner trace in time, even in geological or astronomical ages, is but a moment, of that illimitable thing and process which we call creation.

The theory of evolution, of course, controverts the cosmological theory presupposed in the Bible, and substantially adhered to in the Church and out of it down to modern times. Descartes dared to set it forth only as an hypothesis, protecting himself by hypocritically disavowing belief in it. When the rise of rationalism stayed the fury of persecution, and men could speak their honest thought without fear of the stake, the teachers of evolution were still generally considered presumptuous heretics audaciously seeking to drive God out of his universe. Finding out in some little measure how things are made was supposed to eliminate the Maker! It was dangerous, therefore, to pursue these studies. The Church set herself tooth and nail against the new learning; Science was a suspect, and got into the schools only under restrictions. Thus the doctrine of evolution was kept from currency for two hundred years after Descartes in a manner promulgated it.—Unity (Chicago).

Thou wilt rue a thousand speeches, and but one silence.—Elizabeth Gibson.

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THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

THIRD SERIES. VOLUME VIII. NO. 5.

A MEETING OF PROTEST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.

After consultation with friends, late in the week, it was decided to change the program for the last lecture advertised as a Freethought course at Pythian Castle, this city. Instead of "A Review of the Two Lecture Courses" it was thought best to organize a meeting of "protest" against the arbitrary and despotic use—or rather abuse—of power by the postoffice department at Washington.

Notwithstanding shortness of notice and lack of advertising, the meeting was a gratifying success, the hall being well filled with women and men who by their earnest words and cheers of sympathy showed that they recognized the necessity of standing together and demanding—not "petitioning"—that these abuses of power should cease, and that a return be made to the principles of liberty and equity voiced by the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States—namely, that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of press, nor preventing the free exercise thereof."

The chairman of the occasion was Brother T. C. Deuel of Fullerton, Cal., well known to many of our readers, especially to our Kansas readers. Brother and Sister Deuel were on a visit to friends in Oakland and came over the bay to attend our meeting.

The first speaker, after the opening address by myself—in which opening I gave a brief account of my own experience with the American Inquisition in Kansas, also of the persecutions against Mrs. Craddock, Ezra H. Heywood and D. M. Bennett—the first speaker was Dr. Wetzel, now of San Francisco, but, like Brother Deuel, "formerly of Kansas." When Daughter Lillian and E. C. Walker were incarcerated at Oskaloosa, in that state, for alleged violation of its marriage laws, Dr. Wetzel took considerable interest in their case, and now recalls having received a letter from Mr. Walker dated "County Jail, Cell No. 2," sometime in the winter of 1886-7.

The next address was by an old-time reform worker and lecturer on the Spiritualist platform, Mrs. Scott Briggs, now of this city. The third was by Mr. Arthur S. Howe, well known as a Freethinker and worker for equal rights. He is the chief organizer of the new movement to establish in San Francisco a permanent "Free Platform" for the discussion of all subjects of human interest.

Hoping to get a synopsis of these three short addresses for next Lucifer, I will say no more of them for the present.

After these three, and perhaps a few others had spoken, it was thought best to present something in the shape of a resolution to be voted upon, before those who should be called away would have left the hall. The following is a copy of the protest presented and unanimously voted for—very few declining to vote and none voting in the negative:

"Whereas, the postoffice department has denied the privilege of second-class mail to several journals, on technical grounds merely, thereby violating the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and of press—notably to the paper called Freedom, edited and published by Helen Willmans of Seabreeze, Fla., and to Lucifer the Light-Bearer, published by Moses Harman of Chicago, Ill.; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, citizens of San Francisco and vicinity, do hereby protest against such discrimination, such assumption of authority over the rights of the citizen, and that we pledge our best efforts to secure the early repeal of the postal laws that put it in the power of the administration to deny equal rights to all the citizens of our common country."

On motion it was further resolved that a copy of this protest be forwarded to the President of the United States and another copy to the member of congress from this congressional district.

After the adoption of the resolution of protest the speaking continued till a late hour, many going away before the adjournment because of previous engagements.

As before intimated, the meeting was really an impromptu affair, and would doubtless have been much better attended had it been properly advertised and planned. Among those who came late was Mrs. Lockwood Nevins, who is one of the best-known organizers and speakers of the Socialist party in California. On being called to the platform Mrs. Nevins made a strong plea, from the standpoint that an injury to one is the concern of all. If possible a synopsis of Mrs. Nevins' talk will appear in Lucifer.

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Among those who were specially invited to take part in the meeting, but whose previous engagements did not permit them to come, were Professor Haddock, editor of Human Nature, a monthly journal published in this city, and James H. Barry, editor and publisher of the San Francisco Star. The following note, sent by a special messenger, was received just before the meeting opened:

"San Francisco, Jan. 23, 1904.—Mr. M. Harman—My Dear Sir: Let me say, in response to your kind invitation, that I would deem it an honor to be present at your meeting of protest in behalf of free speech and a free press, without which liberty is dead. I send you these few lines to express my sincere regret that I cannot personally be with you to-day to lift my voice in behalf of Freedom's holy cause—for which I know you have battled manfully and suffered much. Your fight is my concern as well as yours, and should be considered the concern of every true man and woman. Very sincerely yours,

"JAMES H. BARRY."

In Lucifer No. 1004 appeared an extract from a recent issue of the Star, an editorial entitled, "For Free Press." In his issue of Jan. 23, Mr. Barry again alludes to the same subject in these words:

"Some weeks ago we told our readers of the persecution of Lucifer, a Chicago weekly published by Moses Harman, by the postoffice department. This paper has always been a thoughtful, decent publication, for thoughtful, decent men and women. The charge made against it is utterly without foundation, and yet, without opportunity for defense, it is denied the privilege of entry to the mails as second-class matter. Mr. Harman is still in San Francisco, and will speak next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at a meeting of protest to be held at Pythian Castle, 909 Market street."

It will doubtless be remembered by some of Lucifer's readers that the editor of the Star was himself a victim of persecution at the hands of the enemies of freedom of speech. He was arrested, tried and condemned to imprisonment because he had freely and justly criticized the acts of certain judges in this city. I have spent some time in looking up the record of this memorable case, and expect soon to devote a column or two of Lucifer's space to showing how one brave man can and did triumph over tremendous odds when he has justice, truth and right on his side.

While giving credit for editorial mention I wish to thank Brother F. P. Cook for several good notices in his paper, The Truth, a small but well filled weekly devoted mainly to local matters pertaining to the various Spiritualist societies of this city. In his issue of Jan. 12 the editor says:

"The Hall of Justice, 909 Market street, was filled on Sunday

afternoon, to hear Moses Harman's address on 'Psychic Impression—How It Evolves.' Many spiritualistic and liberal thinkers took part in the free discussion which followed the lecture. The chairman of the afternoon was H. W. Bracken, while A. S. Howe acted as secretary. The list of liberal thinkers who want a platform for free thought and discussions is growing. Are you one?"

On next Sunday in the same hall, at the usual hour, 2:30 p. m., the new society—which I think might well be named the "San Francisco Society of Anthropology"—will hold its first meeting as such. The first or leading address will be made by Mr. A. S. Howe, who will probably be the first president of the society.

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And now, having reproduced several editorial notices more or less commendatory in character, it is perhaps but just and fair that the other side be heard. There is published in this city a paper called the San Francisco News Letter, by a man named Frederick Marriott. In his issue of Dec. 5, 1903, Mr. Marriott said:

"Mr. Harman, the notorious Chicago Anarchist and Free-lover, is still in San Francisco preaching the gospel of the righteousness of debauching homes by making the cravings of man's lowest nature the highest standard of conduct in the family life and of the conventions of society, and of destroying law and order in the State by obliterating every restraining influence and legislative enactment, including the abolition of courts and all machinery that is intended to draw a line beyond which a man may not be free to go in pursuit of whatever his passions, his appetites and his wants may crave. Boldly and defiantly this reptile preaches his isms, and tries to persuade men and women that they are not honestly bound to observe their marriage vows; that it is their right and their duty to yield obedience to and promptly heed the voice of their animal desires, without any reference whatever to obligations imposed at the marriage altar; and more, he holds that the young and old, the married and single of both sexes, should cultivate such a spirit of individual independence and freedom of personal action that no legal obligation or social conventions would deter them from following the lead of every inclination of mind or body.

"Of course, this miserable moral monstrosity advocates the doctrine of Anarchism. He would educate the young and the old down to that level of criminality where schemes and plans and machinery are formulated and put in motion to overthrow and overturn all law and all order that is maintained by State or community, to the end that every man and every woman and every child may be free to do exactly what he or she might be pleased to do. Harman's 'Advanced Thought' should be called 'Harman's Plan for the Social and Political Damnation of Humanity.' And would you believe that this advocate of the development of the evil in man because he thinks evil is capable of giving more pleasure than good, is nearly, if not quite, three score years and ten, is deaf as a post, lame in one leg, and without one redeeming characteristic as a man? Still, he draws crowds, but then the snake den in the zoo does the same. The police must be blind to tolerate his presence."

It is said that William Lloyd Garrison, in his paper, The Liberator, used to publish, under the general head "The Opposition," articles similar in character to this News Letter editorial. To these he would make no reply. Why, then—it may be asked—why take up valuable space in printing attacks unworthy of notice?

Wendell Phillips answered this question when he said, "The community that will not hear its meanest and most hated member is simply a gang of slaves," or words to that effect.

I have been advised not to notice this vituperative attack because Mr. Marriott is not considered a man of good moral character or standing in this city. To this my reply has been that I decline to sit in judgment upon any man. Let all be heard. This man voices the judgment of not himself alone but of many who sit in high places. To give him and them a hearing will perhaps help them to see themselves as others see them.

★ ★ ★

On landing in San Francisco Nov. 9—nearly three months ago—I did not expect to remain here more than two months at the outside. I had been led to suppose that the climate of the metropolis of the West Coast was not so good, as a winter resort for chronic invalids, as Los Angeles, San Diego, or many other places that were named. Experience thus far has convinced me that San Francisco has an almost ideal winter climate. It has not seemed winter at all—almost perpetual spring, without the disagreeable changes so common to the spring months in Illinois and other middle or eastern states. There have been a number of wet days, but the rain and fogs are not cold, and the winds not piercing as are the winds of March, and even of April and

May often, in the states just mentioned. I have deferred going southward in California largely because of reports of terrible drouth almost everywhere in southern California. In fact, I found the climate of San Jose, only fifty miles south, not so pleasant as that of this city, on account of lack of rain.

Another and perhaps the chief reason for prolonging my stay in this city has been the belief that I could do better work for Lucifer here than elsewhere in this state. This city is the storm center of thought, of reformatory agitation, for the Pacific Coast; hence, while the suppressors of speech and press are unusually active it would seem that I should work where there is a prospect of doing most good in the way of working up a counteracting public sentiment. Whether I have done anything worth while in this line is mainly a question for the future to decide.

In my next letter I hope to be able to state with some approach to certainty what my next move will be. Meantime my address will remain as before, at 1054 Fourteenth street, East Oakland, Cal., care E. M. Dewey.

M. HARMAN.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

Since the days of Columbus and Copernicus, of Kepler and Newton, no greater and more radical changes have been made in the thoughts of men than those effected by researches of the natural scientists in our own generation. The whole conception of creation, of its author, and of men, as developed from Biblical premises, has been shown to be the fantastic work of imagination. The Church has instinctively felt that the whole trend of scientific research is fatal to its philosophy, and for this reason is on principle opposed to independent investigation. The Roman Catholic Church burned at the stake a Giordano Bruno and imprisoned a Galileo for their scientific opinions, and the Protestant Church, with its sterile dogmatism, has been equally hostile to the advance of science. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the natural sciences have step by step undermined the fundamental assumptions of theology. It is now almost an axiom that a miracle never did take place and never will take place. The supernatural is purely the product of a vivid imagination. Even if there is a God, he is not above his laws in nature. It is high time that we radically changed the whole character of modern culture and education, based as they are on Biblical premises. The study of the dead languages and of a subjective philosophy must give way to an investigation of the living truths of nature. Popular education must be established on the basis of a knowledge of the laws of nature. Modern biology, and especially the Darwinian theory, have entirely changed the old views that man is the center of creation, and that all things exist only for him. It is now even possible to trace back men and animals to a common ancestor, and it is accordingly just as rational to claim immortality for the latter as for the former. How ridiculous that the soul of a genius, who in his later years had entered upon his second childhood and whose soul was accordingly not worth preserving, should be regarded as immortal! And mankind can only progress by setting aside all ideas of the supernatural. The charge is frequently made against the natural sciences that they have robbed men of their ideals, and in the place of immortality and the hope of heaven, given only factories and the social evils. This charge is false; for just in proportion as men give up faith in the beyond will they labor for the good things of this earth. It is this aspect of things that awakens the feeling of fraternal love and co-operation among men, as is seen by the phenomenal blessings that resulted from the French Revolution. The keynote of modern thought must be the realization of the highest good that the earth affords.—Professor Ladenburg of the University of Breslau.

HOW FREE ARE WE?

Lucifer, published in Chicago, is the latest paper to be barred from the mails by our censorious postoffice department.

Wilshire has been compelled to go to Canada to publish his magazine from the same cause.

Helen Willmans is refused mail service by the postoffice, even though the courts did not sustain the charges against her.

John Turner languishes in a government prison awaiting deportation for the crime of making trades union speeches, he being an Englishman.

It is time we became thoroughly aroused and ask ourselves whether a free press and free speech shall be preserved.

"Liberty cannot be given, it must be taken."—Vaccination (Terre Haute, Ind.).

VARIOUS VOICES.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

O. B. U., McGregor, Minn.: As our subscription has expired and Lucifer has to fight or take a back seat I would be glad to help wage the battle, but I am nearing my three score and ten, and in our financial weakness we must be left behind if the price is advanced.

Adler Jorgenson, Lewiston, Mich.: I'm sorry to learn of the latest attempt to suppress Lucifer; but will say that if the price were raised to \$3 a year I would continue taking it. Inclosed find \$5. Out of this you may add \$1.25 to my original subscription of \$2, and the remaining \$3.75 I will donate to M. Harman for his western trip.

Huldah G. Heacock, Vineland, N. J.: I am again in Vineland, after about one year's absence, and now renew my subscription to Lucifer, which is the bread of life to me. I wish I could find some way to help you to help Lucifer. You have a grand helper in W. F. Barnard, whose article in Free Society I have just been reading. There is no evading the sex problem.

Jacob B. Dalsey, Charleston, Ill.: I want Lucifer very badly, but cannot pay \$2 a year, as I am a very poor man and crippled with rheumatism. I cannot learn what is transpiring by reading the lying daily papers and the weeklies copied from them. I cannot see why the laboring men and women support such papers. As P. T. Barnum said, the American people love to be humbugged better than any people on earth, and he was doing his share like the daily papers are now.

One of the best-edited papers in Chicago is Lucifer, a paper devoted to discussion of some of the most vital questions in life. Recently Lucifer was denied second-class privileges because its publisher used about one short column to advertise books bearing on social and economic subjects. Of course this was a trumped-up charge. The reason for the hold-up was because the postal censor, Madden, is a Catholic and is intolerant of any but the opinions of his sect.—Henry E. Allen, in Galesburg (Ill.) Labor News.

Marlon Carter, Lockport, N. Y.: I have hoped that you would have no more trouble in publishing and sending Lucifer to its subscribers, but we can never tell just what those in power will do. I have been a reader of Lucifer many years. I cannot remember when Mr. Carter first subscribed for it. He said he would take it as long as he lived if it was published. I have taken it ever since his death, and hope to take it as long as I live, and am willing to pay \$5 a year if necessary. Your generous offer to send two copies to one address for \$2.25 will give your old subscribers a chance to extend the circulation and keep one for themselves. I hope the editor's California trip will be of great benefit to him. I read every week in the Philosophical Journal of San Francisco the good work and success he is having, and wish him and his daughter success and happiness.

James W. Adams: My introduction to Lucifer was to ask why its publishers were being prosecuted in the federal courts. When sample copies arrived I was so thoroughly inoculated with the virus of Godism and Grundyism that my modesty was so rudely shocked I hid them lest my wife and daughters be contaminated by their foul presence. I could not summon the moral courage to read one copy at a sitting. It required effort to read the three copies. The worst over, it did not require extraneous aid to force me to the conclusion that they were persecuted for no other reason than that of publishing the truth. From that moment my sympathies were enlisted to such an extent that I became a subscriber, and my interest in Lucifer and its work has never wavered. During these years I have closely scrutinized its columns and did not find anything that could be construed as a tendency to inflame passion or desire, or could evoke the flush of shame upon the face of a man or woman who had outgrown slavery to preconceived opinions.

True, irrelevant matter has been lugged into discussions, untenable positions bolstered up, many commonplace events mentioned, but these, no matter how worded, did not provoke the

ire of the powers that be. It was the publication of unpalatable truths: truths that exposed the skeleton in so many family closets. While it is true that many of us are incapable of expressing ideas clearly and concisely, the fact remains that no other journal dares to publish the truth pertaining to the relation of the sexes; nor whose publishers and contributors are more devoted to principle, or care less for the censure or applause of the world. We are so far above the ordinary standard that we are naturally misunderstood by those with whom nature was chary in the bestowment of brains, and those whose perceptive and reflective faculties are benumbed by contact with fashionable assumptions and crime breeding hypocrisies. Repressive measures never did serve the purpose intended by their promoters. Exasperating as they are to us as individuals, they furnish the needed incentive to actual and persistent resistance to encroachments upon the right to do our thinking, and our work in our way.

Amicus, Massachusetts: I could but smile when I read, on page 23 of No. 1004 of Lucifer, your notice of Congressman Gillett's "Divorce: a Peril to the American Home," and the Truth Seeker's comments thereon. Gillett has the same quality of audacity in discussing divorce that old-maid schoolmarm have in telling parents how to bring up children. The fact is Gillett is a bachelor. He knows as little about the need for easy divorce as a spinster pedagogue does about the care of a nursing bottle. Last month a Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal wrote the following: "He [Secretary of the Navy Moody], Representative Gillett of Massachusetts, and General Crozier, chief of ordnance, United States army, keep bachelors' hall in an unpretentious house on K street. These three notables are said to be sworn misogynists. The woman who captures Secretary Moody will be assured a brilliant social rule."

Mrs. M. C. Shay, Tampa, Fla.: In my last copy of Lucifer (Jan. 21) a sad case is told of one who is suffering—Georgie Replogle. I fear there are many such cases. For such I offer land to make a free home, but as yet get no help or encouragement. I am sorry. I feel sure if the matter was taken up it would prosper and be a great blessing to the worthy poor. I know something of persecution and no help to earn money. I have always been a worker. Some of my land was taken for the railway. When they refused to pay me I asked their attorney if the railroad could make me pay if I took their property. He said that was different; I was not a wealthy corporation. I think you ought to test the postmaster's right to refuse mail privilege. I think a clever lawyer could make him pay damages. I made the railroad pay. It would be an easy matter to prove that Lucifer is not an obscene paper. There is more obscene matter in our common Bible than I find in Lucifer. I have been a reader for more than seven years.

F. L. P., West Virginia: I am a native of Ohio and am here teaching school. I have been aiding Lucifer in a small way for several years, and hope, as I am only 23 years of age, to be able after a time to help considerably. I am a firm believer in absolute freedom of speech, press, trade, love, and economic exchange. I am a Neo-Malthusian, and have spent nearly all of my salary for the last few years above living expenses in sending Dr. Foote's "Borning Better Babies" to thinking people. I regard Lucifer as better worth \$3 than \$3 papers are worth 50 cents. There are two points upon which I differ from some leading radicals, the first being the consistency of applying the term Anarchy to our belief, and the second in regard to voting at political elections. I believe in disregarding bad laws, but it is much better to repeal them. If we were all united in a strong society of our own, we would then be ready to cast our political influence with the better and against the worse, and in some cases this would determine the election. I think Louis F. Post is a vastly better man than Roosevelt and even better than Bryan. I ordered some books from you recently, including "Marriage and Morality," by Lillian Harman, and was surprised to learn that it was out of print. It was the finest booklet on the subject that I ever saw. I have often quoted, and with good effect, the statement that "it should not be necessary to get a license to do that which is right, and it should not be possible to obtain a license to do that which is wrong." If you have it reprinted I think I can disseminate a large number.

GOVERNMENTAL EVOLUTION.

At first we had the feudal barons erecting strong castles on the main roads, and in a rough fashion levying tribute on caravans of merchants who passed their way. They charged what the traffic would bear; for if they charged the merchants too much, the latter would either turn the stream of traffic to another highway or else it would be suspended, in either case the barons' business would suffer. At that period it was customary to endow a shrine or monastery with a portion of the net surplus, so that the clergy, those good brethren of the noble barons who held the keys to the Elysian portals, would remember them in their prayers after death. At that period if any one dared give voice to an idea which was criticised by the rulers he was promptly "hanged, drawn and quartered," and his body consigned to burial in unconsecrated ground.

A little later we find the Hanseatic League and other companies of merchants uniting for purposes of protection, which forced the noble barons into having a "community of interests," and with a view of more scientifically gathering taxes a king was set up in business, who with the help of these noble lords undertook the government of the common people. This system would doubtless have continued in vogue forever, had not some colonial farmers stirred up a revolution on one continent, and an equally discontented set done likewise elsewhere, and after having decapitated the king, several nobles, clergy and other superior people, caused this system of government to be discontinued. At that period a reformer was locked up in a Bastille for life if he was so fortunate as to have influence, or hung if he had none.

Next came an epoch when certain peoples designated by election which set of people they desired to have tax and rule them. One could no longer be held up on a highway and robbed of half of one's goods by force of arms; this method was crude, and the question of physical danger was always present; now the merchant is held up more scientifically by means of "smokeless rebates" and other methods which are far surer than of old. This was the era of the postoffice and press censorship, when the life of the small reform paper was in constant danger. A uniform code of thinking was in vogue, and if the superior people who ruled could only succeed in having a law passed that there should be no press criticism of any nature the millennium would be ushered in. In this era it was not thought best to kill or imprison people who were social radicals, but society every once in a while would rise up on its hind feet, and co-operately starve them into submission by either boycotting their business or, if an editor, by denying him the use of the mails.

WALTER BREEN.

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.—J. S. Mill.

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